

radiohead

WASTE 5

PO Box 322, Headington, Oxford OX4 1EY

What's this fascination with dinosaurs at the moment? Millions have already flocked to see Spielberg's latest money-spinner, Jurassic Park, whereas at the Reading Festival the other weekend, people were blatantly watching Siouxsie & The Banshees. Is there no shame left?

However, in our self-appointed role as trend-setters, we have to claim that we were there first. Our British profile at the time of W.A.S.T.E. 4 raised the issues of dinosaurs and extinction long before Hollywood cashed in on them. Ever ahead of the pack though, W.A.S.T.E. 5 sees us bouncing back with a Stateside hit in 'Creep', and a UK midweek chart position of seven, courtesy of the same track. Hollywood now wants to cash in on us. It seems that in his next blockbuster, Arnie Schwarzenegger wants to feature items of Radiohead memorabilia in his brat-hero's bedroom. Impressed? Sadly, we were.

Over the past few months, our quest for fame has led us to Europe, America, and Glasgow. Recognition is rife. Just the other week, drummer Phil was paying for some petrol in Oxford, when the cashier started smiling at him knowingly. A smug feeling that he was just about to be granted 'Freedom of the Forecourt' overtook him. Then the cashier pointed at Phil's Radiohead tee-shirt and said, 'They're playing at The Venue tomorrow. Are you going?' Deflated, Phil picked up his receipt, skulked out of the shop, muttering "I'm thinking about it..."

When relating this incident to the rest of the band later on, Phil's distress was compounded by their unsympathetic response. "What do you expect? You're only a sad drummer who wears his own tee-shirts. Shut up!"

Digs at Siouxsie & The Banshees are cheap and inexcusable. The band may be a little long in the tooth now, but they have produced some brilliant singles, and at least they actually played at the festival. More than we did. The ice-age descended upon Thom's throat, wiping out any form of life, and so our late cancellation was unavoidable. Sorry, on both counts.

So, our star seems to be in the ascendancy at the moment. However, it's only thanks to everybody who has been to see us play and bought our records. Please keep supporting us, and save this band from extinction.

Tours:

Europe Hot on the heels of our lack of success in Scandinavia, at the beginning of June we embarked upon a short tour of Denmark and Sweden. Highlights included our day out with Ride and...well, that was it really. People had heard of us in Holland, though. They came to see us, they bought Creep, and put us in the Top Twenty. We like Holland!

France was fun too, if somewhat lacking in washing facilities. So we were definitely ready for the Stateside power-showers which awaited us.

America. Who said 'Pop is Dead?' Oops, we did. Never ones to harbour grudges, though, we'd like to say that there are signs of life in America - they've taken on board a new British act. Thankfully, and not a little smugly, it happens to be us. Fickle? Us? Never.

Anyway, to back up the success of Creep we did an extensive tour of the States, leading us into the homes of a fair few unsuspecting Americans, via the Arsenio Hall chat show, and the MTV Beach Party. There's a rumour that we're going back for more.

Releases:

We've just re-released Creep in the UK. This song definitely has a longer lifespan than the dinosaurs, but that can only be a good thing.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, we're releasing a re-recorded version of 'Stop Whispering', with a video by 'Subtervising' expert, Jeff Planks, to support it.

Songs & Fanzines:

Autumn is upon us. Time to light those log fires, and have the family around for a good sing-song. Here's an old chestnut to warm the cockles - get your Granny to join in on the chorus:

Creep

When you were here before
Couldn't look you in the eye
You're just like an angel
Your skin makes me cry
You float like a feather
in a beautiful world
And I wish I was special
You're so fucking special

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here

I don't care if it hurts
I want to have control
I want a perfect body
I want a perfect soul
I want you to notice

Words by Thom E Yorke

When I'm not around
You're so fucking special
I wish I was special

(repeat chorus)

She's running out again
She's running out

Whatever makes you happy
Whatever you want
You're so fucking special
I wish I was special...
But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here
I don't belong here

If, like us, you grow sick of this song, then more lyrics can be obtained by buying the amazing Radiohead fanzine. It also includes interviews, press cuttings and flattering pictures of us. At only £1 50 it's the perfect fireside companion and can be obtained from Val Savage, 26 Arundel Court, Beadham Drive, Manchester, M9 3QS, England. Buy it! You won't regret it.

Tour Dates:

From September to mid December we will be on the road again. First, with Belly on an extensive co-headline tour of the United States. Secondly, at the beginning of November we will be playing some solo dates in Canada. Finally, we round-off the year supporting James in Europe and the UK. Please check Press for details

Subscriptions



Well, you don't actually have to pay for this newsletter, but we do want to update our records. So if you would like to continue receiving W.A.S.T.E. please fill in and return the following form before December 1, 1993.

Name:..... Date of Birth:.....

Address:.....

Thanks!